

LANCE LARSEN

Owner's Manual

Between 7-11 and Milky Way: learn to wander, book of play.

Adrift on a bus, lost at sea. Ride in tandem, book of we.

Backyard psalm, Bee Balm and toil, kneel here, book of soil.

City above, heaven below, garden of waiting, book of mole.

Five fingers and lifted wrist. Taste again the book of fist.

Walk away, stanch the flood, still it rises, book of blood.

Day wears on, hotter and hotter. Drizzly air, book of water.

Lung and limb, book of swim. Dream out loud, book of cloud.

Let skin, let hair. But how to steer this book of fear?

Lay it down, take it up. Never borrow, book of tomorrow.

Conjure a past, bury it deep. Fold your arms, book of sleep.

Dial weather, channel sky. In certain books you never die.